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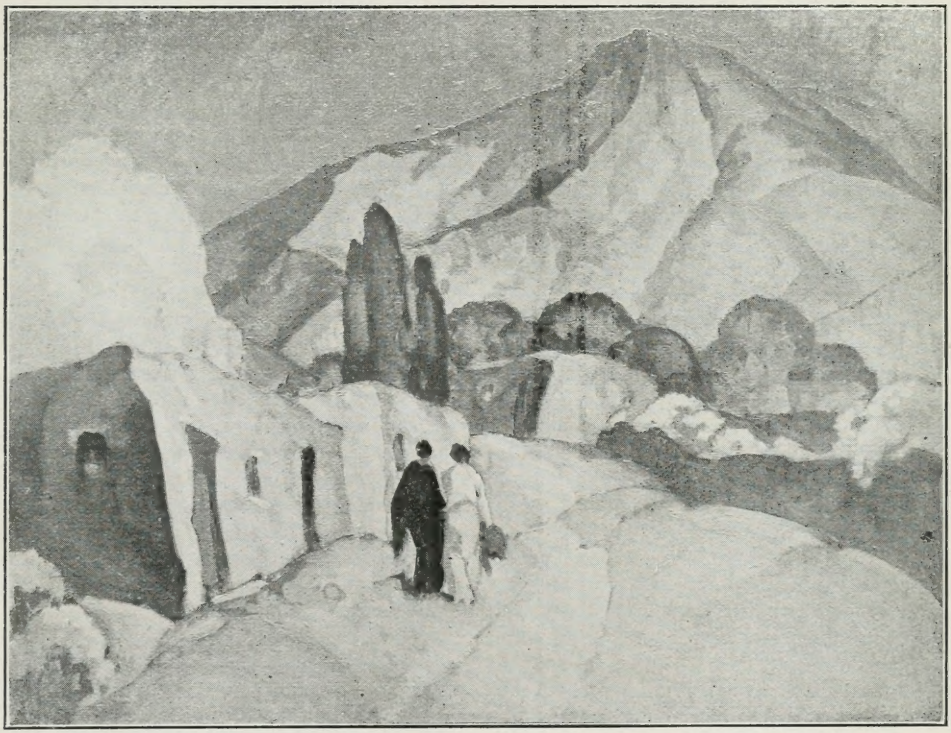

CANON ROAD, SANTA FE.

From Painting by William Penhallow Henderson.

THE STORY OF OLD SANTA FE

CARRYING into effect the ambition of years, Colonel Ralph E. Twitchell, the historian and a member of the governing boards of the Museum of New Mexico and School of American Research, is preparing for the printer the manuscript of "The Story of Old Santa Fe." His monumental works which have preceded this, paved the way for the writing of this magnum opus. The wealth of historical material he assembled for his "Leading Facts of New Mexican History," a publication of five large quarto volumes, as well as the compilation, translation and annotation of his "Spanish Archives," in two volumes, gave him many of the sources and much material out of which to construct this newest volume, the first seven of the thirteen chapters being herewith briefly reviewed.

As stated in the author's preface, the volume covers more than three hundred years of local history, although reference is also made to the archaeology of the site of Santa Fe. The occupation of this site antedates Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. Santa Fe, as the author says: "In its military, political and ecclesiastical activities and consequence, far outranked many of the Atlantic coast towns and settlements for many decades, and as a center of power and influence among the Aborigines, in area and dominion, far exceeded any of the Atlantic coast colonies, whether under English, Dutch or French control."

The days of Santa Fe, especially in it first two hundred and fifty years of history, were turbulent ones. Its annals throb with thrilling stories of valor, romance, achievements, that are epic in their grandeur. Col. Twitchell in his preface, rapidly sketches the historic panorama which he unfolds in detail in the pages which follow, beginning with an illumining outline of Spanish policies especially as they related to the treatment of the Indians, and in which they differed vitally from the policies of the other colonizing powers on the American continent. How far Santa Fe's influence extended in those days is stated by the author in one sentence when he says: "Santa Fe's sphere of influence and claim of dominion extended on the east to the Mississippi, to the unknown regions of the north, to the Pacific on the west (for a long period) and to New Biscay on the south, approximately as far as the present city of Parral," truly a domain of royal extent and tremendous possibilities.

In his first chapter, the historian tells of the Spanish beginnings of Santa Fe and dwells especially upon the exploits of Don Juan de Onate, the explorer and colonizer. He refers to evidence lately presented which it is asserted, establishes that it was not Onate but his successor, Peralta, who founded Santa Fe, but prefers to cling to the authorities which ascribe Santa Fe's founding and with it the building of the Palace of the Governors, to Onate. As the latter married a great grand daughter of the last of the Montezumas who was also a grand daughter of Cortez, the Conqueror of Mexico, he linked two great lines of ancestry and it can be truly said that the City of Santa Fe and its Palace of the Governors through Onate symbolize the traditions of the Aztecs and the ambitions of the Spaniards, the indigenous culture of the American race here merging into the culture brought from Spain, both in later days flowing into that brought by Anglo-Saxon conquerors.

Most interesting is the story of the second chapter which lucidly sets forth the system of government brought to the New World by the Spaniards as it was exemplified in the rule established at Santa Fe. "The Ancient Capital of New Mexico enjoys many distinctive features, not the least of which lies in the fact that it was

the seat of government of a 'kingdom' and had for its first ruler an adelantado, the only governor and captain general of any portion of continental United States of today upon whom that title was conferred by the King of Spain," says the author in unfolding as delightful a synopsis of ancient laws and customs as has ever been presented in connection with American colonization. These laws and regulations were not the result of Spanish whims or of edicts by local rulers promulgated at the spur of the moment, but a logical system of colonial government worked out as the result of world-wide experience and admirably adapted in most instances to the colonies in the new world. In fact, so admirable and wise are some of the provisions of these laws, that the application of many of them would be beneficial even at this day, to the government of municipalities. Says the historian: "Taking into consideration the hurried responsibilities which the Spanish 'discoverors and pacificators' forced upon the crown, in the first century after the conquest of Mexico, owing to the constant additions to the royal domain, coupled with the multitude of heterogeneous peoples which passed under the Spanish yoke, the inauguration and administration of Spanish systems in the newly discovered and pacified conntries was more or less a marvelous performance."

A description of Santa Fe as it was before the great rebellion of 1680 is given in chapter III. With much ingenuity, the author has succeeded by piecing together descriptions given in old deeds and archives of isolated parcels and sites, in reconstructing for the eyes of the present, a map or plat of the city as it probably appeared as early as the days of Benavidez contemporaneous with the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. It is a fascinating picture he draws of the setting of the ancient city: "To the east the lofty mountains clad with royal pine; below the Telaya and the Sierra del Oso; to the south the Tuertos and Sandias in marked outline against an azure sky and to the west the mighty sierra of the Jemez and the homes of the ancient cliff dwellers. Two hundred feet below him (Onate on Marcy hill) fed by living springs, stretched beautiful meadows, while beyond flowed the silvery, rippling waters of a beautiful river, gushing from the nearby mountain canons. And all around him the ruins of ancient peoples destroyed by those whom he would conquer for his Majesty!" However, the historian admits: "And so the capital was chosen; but how it was built, in precisely what year, how long it required, and its details of construction, we do not know. The records left by its builders were destroyed in the revolution almost a century later." The possibility that copies of these records may still be found in some forgotten corner, is one of the abiding hopes of the Southwestern research workers. The sidelights which Col. Twitchell throws upon the annals of those early days; the definiteness with which he points out numerous historical landmarks within the city limits, hallow almost every vara of the ancient city, for there seem to be but few spots that have not been sanctified by blood of red man or of paleface or that have not witnessed some thrilling event or romance.

The terrible story of the Great Revolt of 1680 is told in chapter IV. The Spaniards had ruled with iron hand. Repeatedly a score or so of Indians were hanged on suspicion of idolatry or revolt, and many a gripping and bloody incident was recorded in the course of years from 1608 to 1680 during which the people ot Santa Fe witnessed many trials, executions and assassinations. Several rebellions had been crushed with relentless vigor but it was not until 1680, when Pope, under the guidance or influence of the "koshare," or "spirits of his ancestors," planned the rebellion which led to the expulsion of the Spaniards after most of the Franciscan missionaries had suffered excruciating martyrdom. Even to this day the Pueblos believe that the "spirits of their

ancestors" con- to them in their kivas to instruct and guide them, and in many of their ceremonies, these spirits are represented by almost nude figures painted in "death" colors and therefore deemed to be invisible though present. It is no wonder therefore, that the defeated Spaniards implicitly believed that Pope, the leader of the rebels, was under the spell ot three "infernal" spirits for the "koshare" had been seen again and again ascending from the subterranean kivas to weave their spells over the willing Pueblos. Col. Twitchell tells the story graphically, quoting copiously from his Spanish sources. It is an epic without equal in American history. As to the march of the defeated Spaniards with their women, children, sacred vessels, domestic animals and other personal belongings, from Santa Fe to the crossing of the Rio Grande near the present El Paso, history records but few if any similar episodes. Xenophon and his Ten Thousand were after all trained warriors, and even these after they had rapturously cried "Thalatta ! Thalatta !" upon once more getting a glimpse of the sea, did not at once plan, as did the Spaniards, to reconquer the wilds they had just left behind them.

The story of the reconquest by DeVargas, as told in the succeeding chapter is equally as impressive and heroic a tale. It was not only one campaign, but many. Just as the deeds of Onate and Otermin in many ways are unparalleled in American history, so the campaigns of DeVargas are unique. As Col. Twitchell declares in summing up chapter VII, which is given to the later campaigns of DeVargas "The stories of southwestern Indian warfare in more recent times reveal nothing in display of courage, persistence and physical endurance, coupled with great military sagacity, which may compare with the campaigns conducted by Gen. DeVargas, who was beyond all question the most capable governor and captain general, diplomat and soldier who ever occupied the Palace of the Governors."

The six succeeding chapters are given to the latter days of Spanish rule, to the brief years of Mexican sovereignty, the American Occupation, the Civil War Days and finally to the years since Statehood. Incidentally, or perhaps, most important, are the accompanying descriptions of home life, of culture, of peaceful penetration by trappers, traders, railroads, and artists The maps and illustrations, the citations of hitherto unpublished manuscript sources, the copious footnotes, all contribute toward the impression that this volume of over 500 pages is the greatest story that has ever been written of any city in the United States. But what other city has such a history and what other community has such a historian!

CHRONOLOGY

Jannary 1921.

Jan. 1st, Inaugural Reception for Governor Mechem.

Loan Art Exhibit.

Jan. 7th. Goldstein--"Bolshevism, What it is, and the Remedy for it." (K. of C.)

Jan. 13th. Cave Dwellers. Rupert F. Asplund--"The Citizen and his Government."

Jan. 23d. Musical by Women's Club --Miss Henrietta Chavez, soprano; H. R. Parsons, baritone; Mrs. E. C. Schmitt, pianist.

Jan. 24th. Redpath Lyceum--The Colleen Sisters.

Jan. 25th. Dr. Joseph Clark Hoppin--Illustrated lecture on "Crete."

Jan. 26th. Women's Museum Board Reception to Governor, Legislators, State Officials and their ladies.

Jan. 27th. Cave-Dwellers -- E. L Hewett, host, Dr. Joseph O. Hoppin, speaker.

Coming Events.

February 3-5--Play by the Drama League.

COMANCHE DANCE AT SAN ILDEFONSO
JANUARY 23, 1921.

THE elements provided a Thunder Bird setting for the Comanche Dance on the annual feast day of San Ildefonso. The quaint pueblo itself was bathed in sunshine until late in the afternoon, but all around, and especially to the east and to the south, storms raged. Within a few hours of the afternoon, the wind blew hot and it blew cold; there were flashes of lightning and reverberating roll of thunder; there were rain, snow, sleet and hail; dense clouds tumbled off the snowy peaks of the Sangre de Cristo ike billows, only to scatter before they touched the once powerful, historic village. Paleface spectators in large numbers who came to the feast marveled for they had passed on the way through storms that had made the adobe roads slippery and treacherous, but the Indian visitors from Santa Clara, Tesuque, Cochiti and farther away only smiled significantly.

On the eve of the Feast day, the saint of the village had been carried in procession around the plaza. Bon-fires had blazed on all sides. The few artists who had come from Santa Fe caught picturesque glimpses during the moonlit night of prepa ations for the Fiesta. The women nwere busy washing the hair of children and themselves with amole to give it lustre; the men were putting the last touches to their costumes; there were baking of cakes and preparing of meats for the morrow, while all night long ftom out of the distant shadows came creaking wagons with human freight from nearby plazas.

The morning was almost like a summer's day. Indians and Mexicans—a cbturesque and colorful throng—crowded into the church where mass was celebrated by a priest but recently come from Spain. He was very businesslike in his ministrations and intonated with beautiful voice. The little choir struggled along bravely and fearlessly, while the congregation with bowed heads and great reverence followed the service. Outside several young bucks were stationed and every once in a while discharged their rifles to drive away the evil spirits. A blind old man made the rounds collecting coins and several matter-of-fact young men in faultless store clothes sold tickets to a presentation of "Fabiola" staged for the purpose of securing funds to make needed repairs to the church. It is hoped some day to accumulate the means to replace the present church of nondescript architectural character with a replica of the fine old mission destroyed to make room for the latter day structure.

By noon, the Plaza was thronged with a motley crowd. A score or so of automobiles were lined up on the west side by Agapito, who seemed to be the marshal of the day and with the assistance of a young buck maintained admirable order. Under the portals on the north side of the Plaza were vendors of cakes baked both Spanish and American style, and of coffee as well as sandwiches. Under one portal, three Spanish musicians with guitar, mandolin and violin, merrily dispensed instrumental dance music. The group was strikingly like that in the painting by Bert Phillips now on exhibit in the Museum. Nearby were several mounted Santa Clara Indians who looked on stoically. Santiago Naranjo, with part of his family, drove in from the north in an old fashioned hay wagen, while on the hill on the southern border of the pueblo, was a solitary horseman who though immovable during the progress of the dance seemed to scan the higways coming into the village as if on guard. Under the big cottonwood trees on the south side of the Plaza there were picnic parties eating their lunch. Among the paleface spectators were artists, writers, legislators, professional men and "just" peo-

ple, many of them rigged up fantastically along lines made familiar by the western movie drama.

It was toward two o'clock when the chorus led by Dieguito emerged from the north kiva and descended the steep stairway into the Plaza. The six men were pounding the drums vigorously and were chanting at first softly and then fiercely. It was during this prelude that there burst from the kiva entrance a procession of brilliantly clad warriors and squaws. The leader had one side of his body painted an ultramarine blue and the other side a saffron yellow. The other bucks were either entirely blue or entirely yellow, with the exception of a second leader who like the first was in dual color. The war bonnets of the men were especially resplendent while their girdles, neck ornaments and anklets took a wide range of ornamentation and brilliant color, but none more gorgeous than the banners they carried. The women, who in most of the dances, are usually somberly clad, vied with each other in the brilliancy of the colors in their silk scarfs and ornaments. In their hair they had white eagle's down and with the symbolic colored wooden trifoil in each hand they kept time with mechanical gesture. One of the bucks wore a vest covered with manicolored beadwork design while the others were semi-nude. Their faces were tattooed with the various pueblo symbols in pigments that were heightened in tone by the general color scheme.

Keeping step to the changing rhythm, the dance figures were formed immediately after emergence from the kiva, involving the two motions—of the dance step and the forward moving, everchanging figure—which proceeded from the plaza in front of the kiva to the plaza in front of the church and then returned, the performers being in constant motion for about forty minutes before disappearing into the kiva from which they had planned to emerge six times in succession, dancing until sundown.

Movement and color, rhythm and setting, made an ensemble of incomparable beauty and fascination. Those who had traveled far and wide on both continents could not recall anything to compare with it. There was an all pervading sense of harmony even in the vivid coloring; an overwhelming spell of elemental wizardy deeper than knowledge, which seemed to master performers. To those cognizant of the fact that this was but a fragment of a great American drama handed down by word of mouth and tradition for centuries, the wonder was inexpressible; the mystery insoluble; the admiration profound. It was nothing less than a splendid sacred rite performed with sincere devotion and exaltation.

Only the third act of the original drama was given. The drama has a historic basis. The Comanches were the most dreaded of the enemies of the Pueblos in pre-Spanish days. The ceremony originally in its first act depicted the runners entering the village with tidings that the Comanche were approaching from the south. There was quick counseling. The Sky-Father's aid was invoked and he sent the ko-share or spirits of the ancestors. With their aid the decision was reached to go out and surprise the foe. The second act portrayed the preparation of the warriors for the battle. The war song, the initiation of the youths, the final departure of the warriors were all set forth in the chanting, the movements, the pantomine. The third act, in part given this time, symbolized the return of the victors, the greeting by the women, the mockery of the prisoners, the word of praise sent on eagle's plumes to the Sky-Father. In the first two acts the women never participated but in the third they took equal part.

The Tewas have never staged a more beautiful and impressive dance than they did on Sunday afternoon, January 23, 1921, with the elements playing an accompaniment of tremendous power. It seemed like a momentary flash of renaissance of a glorious past; a sudden glow

of the sky just before darkness. On all sides there were evidences that the Tewa are on their final journey to the Land of Sip-ophe. The marvelous play of light and shade on the cliffdwelling mesas just across the Rio Grande, the rapidly changing panorama of clouds merging into the portreros and canons, caused the citadels of tufa where rays of sun piercing the clouds fell upon them, seem celestial cities of rubies, sapphires and gold. Bordering on the plaza are tumble-down deserted houses, at one time inhabited by entire clans but which have died out. Of the occupied houses, some shelter Mexican families typifying the same silent intrusion which has extinguished the pueblos of Pojoaque, Cuymungue, Nambe, Jacona and others of historic and prehistoric days.

Fortunate indeed the palefaces who were permitted to see this passing evidence of a transcendantly beautiful culture developed on American soil and almost obliterated by a culture of steel and dynamite brought from across the Atlantic, before which it cannot survive for many more days.

EXHIBITS BY W. P. HENDERSON

HARPERS BAZAAR for February reproduces two pages of paintings by William Penhallow Henderson of the Santa Fe Art Colony. Two of these are from the collection of Carter H. Harrison of Chicago who of late years has been a repeated visitor to Santa Fe and Taos. Mr. Henderson's annual exhibit took place December 18 to January 18 at the Chicago Art Institute. At the same time a general group of pastels which had been on the circuit at various museums was shown. These included pastels done in Spain, Italy, France and New York as well as several figure pieces. Beginning with February 7, Mr. Henderson's Indian Dance and other New Mexico pastels will be shown at the Roullier Galleries in Chicago.

The Daily Post of Chicago speaks as follows of Mr. Henderson's recent exhibit:

"The pastels by William Penhallow Henderson have arrived and are in the east gallery of the Art Institute to remain until Jan. 18. Every little while Mr. Henderson returns or sends examples of his art from his far-away home in the southwest where he went with his family in search of health. There is always a pleasant sense of expectation when word comes of his appearance, for the artist is one of those whose personality has so impressed itself in the memory of his friends that altho years go by a lively interest is ever awaiting what he chooses to loan from his desert studio.

"The twenty-five pastels recording themes found in various parts of the world are vivid presentments of auspicious occasions. Take anyone away and it would speak for itself. There are reminiscences of the youthful travel days in Spain, "The Bridge at Ondarroa," street and church in Seville, recalling the first charming exhibit by Mr. Henderson when he came to Chicago shortly after his return from abroad. There are a few of the delicate impressionistic pastels in a fine sensitive manner characterizing the productions of a later year, and a lovely little portrait apparently from another period which gave a reserved decorative figure painting to the Friends of American Art Collection at the Art Institute.

"The stranger unable to catch all these threads of association in the brilliant tangle of color on four walls (in the room where Mr. Henderson's paintings are hung) and flowing over into the sculpture gallery, is most impressed by the rugged drawings illustrating the primitive life of New Mexico. In the spirit of all who go to the southwest,

Mr. Henderson becomes an interpreter of its interests in its own language of vivid color and glaring contrast. The Indian, strange, mysterious and picturesque, has the center of the stage. His ceremonial dances and life and its accessories are material for the recording painter. New Mexico, a land of unreality, is nevertheless a source of realistic painting as soon as the painter has sympathy with its adobe colonies and its native life.

"Hence Mr. Henderson has brought fresh offerings, and has given his friends another viewpoint of the art which employs his brush. It is the fate of a sensitive imagination to become the instrument of its environment, and just as Mrs. Henderson has felt the spell of Santa Fe in poetry, so Mr. Henderson has recorded the pageant whose magic throws its glamour over his fancy for the time being."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Dues Paid.

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New Director at St. Paul.

The following announcement has been received by the Museum authorities at Santa Fe: "The Board of Trustees of the Saint Paul Institute take pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. Caryl Spiller, as director and will appreciate such reciprocal relations with your organization as are customarily offered."

Taos Art in Tableaus.

Writes Miss Berenice Palmer, supervisor in the Raton, N. M., schools: "We are planning to give a 'Living picture' program in the schools here and would like to pose some of the Taos pictures. I have copies in some issues of El Palacio and want to pose especially: 'A Vision of the Past' by Couse; 'Juan Domingo and the Bread Jar' by Higgins; and 'One of a Vanishin Race' by Rolshoven. I shall be very glad for any suggestions that you might offer."